

ON
Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY
His Death, and Burial amongst the
Ancient Poets.

By the Honourable Sir *John Denham.*

OLd *Chaucer*, like the morning Star,
 To us discovers day from far,
 His light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
 Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
 But he descending to the shades,
 Darkness again the Age invades.
 Next (like *Aurora*) *Spencer* rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshews;
 The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the Poets God, inspires;
 By *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher's* lines,
 Our Stages lustre *Rome's* outshines:
 These Poets neer our Princes sleep,
 And in one Grave their Mansion keep;
 They liv'd to see so many days,
 Till time had blasted all their Bays:
 But cursed be the fatal hour
 That pluckt the fairest, sweetest flower
A
That

That in the Muses Garden grew,
 And amongst wither'd Lawrels threw.
 Time, which made them their Fame outlive,
 To *Cowley* scarce did ripeness give.
 Old Mother Wit, and Nature gave
Shakespear and *Fletcher* all they have;
 In *Spencer*, and in *Johnson*, Art,
 Of flower Nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are, (share;
 None knows which bears the happy'st
 To him no Author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;
 He melted not the ancient Gold,
 Nor with *Ben Johnson* did make bold
 To plunder all the *Roman* stores
 Of Poets, and of Orators:
Horace his wit, and *Virgil's* state,
 He did not steal, but emulate,
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their Garb, but not their Cloaths, did wear:
 He not from *Rome* alone, but *Greece*,
 Like *Jason* brought the Golden Fleece,
 To him that Language (though to none
 Of th' others) as his own was known. On

On a stiff gale (as *Flaccus* sings)

His Pindaricks.

The *Theban* Swan extends his wings,

When through the ætherial Clouds he flies,

To the same pitch our Swan doth rise ;

Old *Pindar's* flights by him are reacht,

When on that gale his wings are stretcht ;

His fancy and his judgment such,

Each in the other seem'd too much,

His severe judgment (giving Law)

His modest fancy kept in awe :

As rigid Husbands jealous are,

When they believe their Wives too fair,

His English stream so pure did flow,

As all that saw, and tasted, know.

But for his Latin vein, so clear,

Strong, full, and high it doth appear,

His last work.

That were immortal *Virgil* here,

Him, for his judge, he would not fear ;

Of that great Portraicture, so true

A Copy Pencil never drew.

My Muse her Song had ended here,

But both their Genii strait appear,

Joy and amazement her did strike,

Two Twins she never saw so like ;

Such

Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, Death, Age, Fortune, Nature, Arts,
 Then lights her Torch at theirs, to tell,
 And shew the world this Parallel,
 Fixt and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Natures Books :
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine ;
 They guilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustick Philosophy rehearse ;
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd,
 Both by two generous Princes lov'd.
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busie throng retire ;
 Their Bodies to their Minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their Kind :
 Yet though both fell before their hour,
 Time on their off-spring hath no power,
 Nor fire, nor fate their Bays shall blast,
 Nor Death's dark vail their day o'rcast.

FINIS.

Inscribed August 15. 1667. R. J. E. E. E. E.

*London, Printed for H. Herringman, at the Blew Anchor
 in the Lower walk of the New Exchange. 1667.*

D F0110

D 1003

122479

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL
IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY
FOR REFERENCE ONLY.
PERMISSION NOT NEEDED FOR
REPRODUCTION.